

KING'S PALACE, SEVENTH STREET

First Clearing Sale of Millinery!

Everything in our Millinery Department Must Go.

Read the Following List of Clearing Sale Prices:

Ladies' and Misses' Sailors, worth 25c.; clearing sale price, 10c.

Children's Trimmed Sailors, worth 25c.; clearing sale price, 12½c.

100 dozen Straw Hats, worth 48, 62, 75, and 87 cents; clearing sale price, 25c.

English Leghorns, in Black and Colors, worth 75c.; clearing sale price, 25c.

Lace Braid Hats, in All Shapes, worth \$1 and \$1.25; clearing sale price, 69c.

50 dozen Ladies' Bonnets, in All Shapes and Colors, your choice; clearing sale price, 25c.

Black and White Leghorns, worth \$1.25 and \$1.49; clearing sale price, 85c.

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, that sold formerly for \$4, \$5, \$6, and \$7; clearing sale price, \$3.50.

25 French Pattern Hats, sold for \$15 and \$20; clearing sale price, \$8, \$9, and \$10.

SPECIAL SALE IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

We have just received a fresh stock of those very fine Imitation China Silks, in very handsome designs. Well worth 20c.; our special price 12½c.

We are still displaying those Handsome Plaid Muslins. Desirable goods this time of the year. It will pay you to look them over. Our special price, 7c.

We are showing a beautiful line of Plaid and Striped Muslins at 10c. per yard.

See our assortment of Figured Swisses from 12½ to 50c. per yard.

India Linens at 5c. per yard.

Fine qualities India Linens at 12½ and 15c. per yard.

Victoria Lawn, 40 inches wide, at 12½c.

We are still selling our Scotch Ginghams that sold for 37c. at 20c. per yard.

See our assortment of 35c. Satteens. We offer them to you at 20c.

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT SALE AT KING'S PALACE, 812-814 SEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST, 811-813-815 EIGHTH STREET NORTHWEST.

N. B.—Be sure you come to the right place, as we have no connection with any other establishment in this city.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Little Billy Dickson is one of the most mischievous boys in this village. Nobody takes a greater delight in playing a practical joke, either on the countrymen who come to the village or the countrymen who live here. He has his own opinion of the greatness of public men, and one of the things that he enjoys most is playing off laymen for Congressmen and people of no consequence at all for men of great distinction. Now, there's Ed Johnson. He is a very dignified, consequential-looking gentleman, especially on these summer days when he wears his tall white hat. Billy and Ed were walking along the Avenue the other night, when, passing Twelfth street, the dignified figure of Johnson caught the eye of the watchman at the Palais Royal, who was certain that a person of so much dignity must be a member of Congress, especially as he was with Dickson. The watchman is a little fat, sawed-off son of Israel, who sits under the electric light at the Palais Royal of a night, smokes a long pipe, and lazily watches the passers-by. Recently he has taken it into his head that he ought to have a pension. He is growing too fat to work, and that is a very good ground for a pension nowadays, whether he ever went to the wars or not is a matter of little consequence. Everybody in this village is acquainted with Billy Dickson or imagines he is. The watchman thought it was a good chance to get the ear of a Congressman, so he addressed himself to Billy and told him what he wanted.

"Why, you're in luck," said Billy. "This is the chairman of the committee, and if you know how to work him your pension is sure." Congressman Johnson was introduced, and questioned the watchman like a census enumerator.

"Been wounded in the war?" Johnson asked. The watchman answered something about rheumatism.

"Don't care if it was mumps," said Johnson. "You ought to have a pension. Any family, sons, or daughters? Have they rheumatism, too? Blowed if I don't pension the whole outfit."

Johnson was in a hurry. He was getting into a cab to go home, when Billy advised the watchman to get in, too, and explain his case in detail to the chairman of the committee. The watchman followed this advice, and, closing the carriage door, Dickson called to the driver to "drive like the devil." In a short time the cab was rolling up the Avenue at a great rate. Johnson was calling to the man on the box to drive to Cabin John Bridge, and the fat watchman was making frantic efforts to get out. He shouted he had been kidnapped, and it was not reassuring to him to be told by Johnson that Dickson's little game was to get him away from the Palais Royal in order that he might crack the safe and rob the store. The cab was a good distance from the Palais Royal before the little sawed-off watchman managed to get out. And what a hustling time he had in getting back to his post. But the safe was all right. The store had not even been entered, and his pension claim had advanced one stage.

Senator Ingalls is of opinion that not only

should the sale of intoxicating liquors at the Capitol be abolished, but that the apple and pie stands and the curiosity hucksteries that disfigure and incumber the corridors should be swept away. And indeed such a change would improve appearances immensely, but many a frugal statesman would miss the apple or the pie of which he is now wont to make his *al fresco* meal.

A New York Congressman, who was a legislator at Albany before he came to Washington, said the other day that the New York Legislature was the most corrupt law-making body in the world. He furthermore stated that the present House of Representatives contained three or four members who when in the Assembly at Albany were rank corruptionists, men who over and over again had "helped to push Jim Belden's bills through" at so much a push. The strangest thing about it is that Belden now refuses to help them with the bills in which they are interested. He holds that whatever they did at Albany they were paid for, and he is under no further obligations to his former employers.

Baron Fava, the Italian Minister here, has been recalled, it is said, by the Italian government. Since the revolution in Hayti sent a new man here to take the place of Mr. Preston as the Minister of that republic Baron Fava has been Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Having presented his credentials to President Arthur in October, 1881, he was the Minister of longest continuous residence in Washington. The Baron is a nice, mild-mannered old gentleman, who has led a modest, quiet life in this city. He is tall and slight of build, and with his fair complexion, gray side-whiskers and mustache, and the single eye-glass that he occasionally wears, he looks more English than Italian. The clothes he wears have an English look.

Whoever likes to hear a real funny war story ought to hear Bill Sterrett, the correspondent of the *Galveston News*, tell how his brother Jeff went to the war to fight for glory, booty, and State rights, and how after fighting all through the war he marched home with a pair of greatly distressed old shoes on his feet, no socks, an old pair of blue jeans trousers, a tattered shirt, and a hat that bore all the marks of having been a foundling. Jeff's costume didn't amount to much, but his military bearing stirred up Bill's brotherly pride. The warrior hadn't much left, but he didn't come back among his own people without being attended by a negro, who marched behind him at a respectful distance and served as valet or body servant.

The best war stories told on the Congressional trip to Gettysburg last Decoration Day were told by ex-Confederates. The ex-Confederates, I think, generally tell the best war stories—the most amusing. Defeat is generally more picturesque than victory. There is more humor in it; that is perhaps why the Southern men can tell the funniest war stories. But if the Southern men have the best of the story telling, the best singers of rebel songs on occasions like the trip to Gettysburg are by long odds the men who fought in the Union army. It is a treat to hear Gen. Henderson, of Iowa, for instance, lead the boys in singing "Maryland, My Maryland," or "One More River to Cross." Representative Colman, of Louisiana, is inimitable in rendering darkey dialect melodies. But the very acme of happiness is to hear Cannon, of Illinois, roll out "I'm Going Back to Dixie." I have often thought that a Congressional hol-

day excursion would be a good subject for an American comic opera. It is distinctly an American institution. There is nothing like it in the rest of the world. There couldn't be anything like it anywhere but in this "land of the brave and the home of the free."

I don't like professional humor, machine-made humor. I find very little pleasure in the drivel and nonsense with which the so-called funny columns of the American press abound. There is no sense in trying to be funny. The effort defeats the purpose. But we must take things as we find them. The funny column with the funny man is an institution. In that fact I find an excuse for Johnson. It seems like damning him with faint praise, but I will say this for Johnson—Philo-peanuts Johnson, the writer of the "Postscript" column in the *Post*—that to my mind it is the best funny column printed in any American newspaper.

They tell me that the only place in America where rebel flags are made, the only place where bunting of any kind is made, is at Ben Butler's factory in Lowell, Mass. The Yankee manufacturer doesn't allow sentiment to interfere with business. The demand for rebel flags at Richmond is readily supplied at Lowell.

Representative Quinn, of New York, has a grievance in relation to the national air of America. He has noticed that on occasions which call for the playing of the American national air, especially in England and abroad, it is not the "Star-Spangled Banner" that is played, but "Yankee Doodle." Now, he thinks that both in music, poetry, and sense "Yankee Doodle" is beneath the dignity of this great nation, and he demands the repeal of "Yankee Doodle." Well, that will be pretty difficult, whatever the law-makers may do. "Yankee Doodle" stands a good chance of lasting as long as the Constitution. Songs are more powerful than either laws or armies. It was possible to whip the Confederacy, but a hundred Union armies could not whip "Dixie" from among the songs that will go humming down the ages, and live as long as history is read or written. And as to "Yankee Doodle," even if it were possible to annihilate it, why should it be done? What's the matter with "Yankee Doodle"? It fairly represents the humorous side of the American people. I don't see why a nation should not have a humorous national air as well as a serious one. When Uncle Sam goes out visiting his neighbors he should have something to say to suit the occasion. If the occasion be a merry one, why, "Yankee Doodle" will serve the purpose; if grave or serious, the "Star-Spangled Banner" is the thing. I believe that we are the only nation that has a humorous as well as a serious national air, and it is proper that America should lead the world in this as in other things. Whenever other nations come to realize that an after-dinner speech is not suitable at a funeral, they may prepare something in the way of a humorous national air, too, after the style of our "Yankee Doodle." But it will be a long time before the element of humor is as strong anywhere else as it is in America.

There is an astonishing number of doubles in Washington. The elevator man at the southwest corner of the Treasury Building is daily mistaken for Col. Dudley, and a man who keeps a tailor's shop in the neighborhood of Sixteenth street and Rhode Island avenue is the picture of President Harrison. But of all the resemblances between different men none

are more striking than that between Bell, the photographer, and Speaker Reed.

Out in Wicomico County, Md., they are talking about sending Governor Jackson to Congress in place of Mr. Gibson, who is not a candidate for another term.

Maj. Stoffer tells a funny yarn about a false alarm raised by Fergus Ferris the other day. Ferris was bathing in the surf, and being unable to swim he was very timid. All of a sudden he began to splash and splash and beat about in the water and to cry out, "Save me, save me from drowning!" Stoffer thought at first that Ferris was joking, but he wasn't. He really thought he was in danger of drowning and was greatly frightened. Stoffer saw what was the matter, and called out to Ferris to put his feet on the ground. Ferris did so, and the water wasn't more than elbow-deep. But putting his feet to the ground was something he had never thought of until Stoffer told him. Now, what do you think of a man who doesn't know enough to stand up in order to keep his head above water?

Ingalls's speech at Gettysburg on Decoration Day will never be reported. The best reports printed were fragmentary and very imperfect. That is the Senator's own fault, because there were present at the meeting shorthand writers who would have made a verbatim report of the speech if the Senator had not assured them they could rely upon his manuscript. When the speech was finished, and the reporters began to look over the Senator's manuscript, the reporters found that there was not even a note on the paper relating to the best things the Senator had said. His treatment of the proceedings at the unveiling of the Lee statue in Richmond, and his lofty remarks about the immortality of ideas, were entirely extemporaneous, and the remarkable thing about it was that the language of that portion of the address was as magnificent and as precise as anything that even Ingalls has ever uttered. It is a pity that it cannot be reduced.

Three or four years ago it was the custom among certain newspaper correspondents to decry the alleged exclusiveness of the leading Democratic officials, and to represent that if Mr. Blaine were Secretary of State his door would be open all the time, and he himself accessible to all callers—in fact, with Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State there would be music and a free lunch in the Secretary's room to attract people there and induce them to call. Now, I must say that since Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State in March, 1889, I have not seen any of this extraordinary accessibility. On the contrary, his exclusiveness has been the exclusiveness of an English or a Russian government official. I think I can state without fear of contradiction that since the change of administration the Secretary of State has not vouchsafed to any newspaper in the country a single interview or the slightest bit of direct information about any of the affairs of the State Department. More than that, he hasn't yet sent to Congress the papers relating to our foreign correspondence last year, which ought to have been sent to Congress last December, when the heads of the other Executive Departments made their annual report. I am one of those who believe that a newspaper has no more civil or political rights under the Constitution than a drug store, a cigar stand, a blacksmith's shop, a lumber factory, a gin mill,

or any other kind of business establishment or private property. The Secretary of State or any other public official, in my estimation, is not bound to wag his tongue at the request of a newspaper editor or reporter any more than at the request of any other American citizen. He has a right to use his own discretion and withhold, if he pleases, the courtesies which are usually extended to the press, but which are not prescribed by either the Constitution or the laws; but he has no right to withhold from the Congress of the United States and the American people the state papers which the law says he shall submit to Congress annually, just as the heads of the other Departments send in their annual reports.

DAVID LEWISLEY.

Negligent Street-Car Conductors.

To the Editor of the *Sunday Herald*:

There should be more definite rules established by the street-car management to conduce to the convenience of the public. As it is, with no fixed stopping places on the line, except on the cable line, conductors apparently stop for passengers when it suits their whims to do so; otherwise they go about regardless of the traffic signals of would-be passengers not six feet away. Eighth street and Pennsylvania avenue is a corner that Avenue conductors could hardly be made to see with a telescope. It is so near Seventh street, where they always stop for transfers, that they usually impose the duty of all wishing to board the cars at Eighth street to run after them and get on a block away. Every car conductor should have distinct orders to stop only at street corners, and he should keep a sharp lookout where streets cross. Too often cars cross streets at full speed, leaving the disgusted populace on the sidewalk in a temper by no means cool. It is not only the Avenue conductor who needs a check in this direction. The Metropolitan and the Anacostia lines also need looking after. Numerous complaints have been made recently on this subject, and it is quite time that the matter was regulated by intelligent rules.

LEFT.

"Nadja" at Albaugh's.

For the week of June 9 Chassaigne's beautiful opera comique, "Nadja," will be presented at Albaugh's with the full strength of the Lamont Opera Company, which numbers among its artists such very clever and popular people as Helen Lamont, Emma Hawley, Mabella Baker, Mamie Cherbi, Louis De Lange, R. E. Graham, George Broderick, Lloyd Wilson, Alex. Clark, and Charles Graham. The action of the opera is placed in Hungary during the exciting time in which the patriot, Rakoczy, was prominent, and the development of the plot largely concerning the fortunes of *Nadja*, the then reigning premier danseuse of the Vienna Opera House. The opera is one of the funniest and brightest that has been produced in a long time. It contains many tuneful melodies and good concerted numbers. The opera will be mounted in superb style and with every attention to detail.

The Coming Rifles' Excursion.

The National Rifles will give one of their select moonlight excursions to Marshall Hall on the steamer Charles Macalester, on Wednesday evening, June 18. These excursions of the Rifles are always as pleasant and well conducted as unremitting care and attention to every detail can make them. The best people in the city patronize them, feeling assured from the high reputation which the Rifles have established as entertainers that everything possible will be done to keep the affairs free from objectionable features and to make them in every way enjoyable and successful. On the coming excursion excellent music will be provided both on the boat and at the Hall, and in addition the other customary entertaining features will be well looked after.